Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, June 27, 1918 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

Lord God, Who let Your Baby Son
  Pass earthward where the joys were few,
To a hard death when all was done,
  And very far away from You,

My little lad must go one day
  Roads where I cannot guide his feet,
Through dangers that I cannot stay,
  To griefs I cannot help him meet.

He must hear voices calling him—
  When youth is wild and life is warm
And right seems far away and dim—
  To evil things and battle storm.

Lord God, Whose Son went steadily
  Down the hard road He had to tread,
Guard my son, too, that he may be
  Strong through his hours of doubt and dread!

"Good Housekeeping." —*Margaret Widdemer.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 271
A Tale of Two Cities.—J. H. H. 272
Things of Beauty and Sources of Joy 272

THE PULPIT—
The Heroism of Everyday.—Rev. Arthur T. Brown 276

CONTRIBUTED—
The Consciousness of God.—Robert Tipton 274
The Psychology of Blame.—D. S. J. 275
A Great Sociologist on Religion.—George Willis Cooke 279
What Is a Good Book.—James Waldo Fawcett 280
Is Rabindranath Tagore Pro-German?—J. T. Sunderland 280

POETRY—
A Father's Prayer.—*Margaret Widdemer* 269
For a Guest-Room.—*Annie Arrabin* 271
The Wild Rose.—*Mary Stebbins Savage* 279
Thistles.—*Abby Farwell Brown* 282

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The History and Practice of Religion, Beginnings; XXII. The Fifth and Seventh Commandments 281

THE FIELD—
Institute for Religious Education 283

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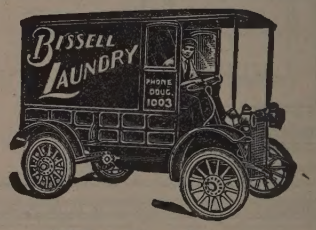

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1918 Number 17

FOR A GUEST-ROOM.

I have no pomp to offer thee;
Just my heart's hospitality—
A little beam, but one to light
The lodging of an anchorite.

A slumber deep, a dreamless rest,
To thee within this room, dear guest!
'Tis sweet to me that thou and I
This night beneath one roof shall lie;
For this I deem most dear, my guest,
In all the world, or east or west,
Where'er thy tarrying may be,
Blessed is the roof that shelters thee!

"The Century Magazine." —*Annie Arrabin.*

The Public, in its issue of June 1st, in commenting upon the Government's persecution of Max Eastman and its anxiety about *The Masses,* thinks that "The Attorney General and his assistants have been too eager to destroy sincere radicals whose early opposition to the war brought them under the strict letter of the espionage act." It further thinks that the worst the Washington Government can hold against Mr. Eastman's present course is that he is "impudent, egotistical and patronizing in his support of the President." But *The Public* adds, "the right of individuals to be as egotistical and as impudent as they please within the law is a most precious thing. . . . War produces

> a mob tyranny and coercion and a corresponding timidity in the individual that cannot be escaped even in a war for freedom and democracy. It is too easy in these times for the Government to get convictions by the mere act of asking twelve average citizens for them in the name of the Government. When to this is added the common prejudice against Socialism and those who hold "queer" and heterodox ideas, a situation is created which makes for conviction. There is also the archaic survival in our federal courts of jury panels made up of men of substance and property, with wage earners almost invariably excluded or very slimly represented.

The *Congregationalist* for June 6 has a sane word concerning "English-the-only-language" absurdity. Dr. Emrich at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, called attention to the obvious fact that tens of thousands of immigrants have no possible way of coming into contact with world doings at present except through Polish, Lithuanian, Yiddish, French, Norwegian, Finnish and even German papers. He also urges that an antipathy against the German language in churches, schools and papers may become a boomerang which will "defeat the dissemination of democratic ideas whose widespread sowing is the only real cure for Prussian militarism." But his words are timid and the resolution of the society more halting in its fancy that the English language exclusively used will bring about the further fusion of the people. The academic epigram that he who acquires a new language acquires another soul is a profound sociological as well as psychological truth. Through the diversities of tongues only is the synthesis of speech in an universal language to be ultimately reached. The wealth of literature, the power of art and the source of religion cannot be confined by dictionary lines any more than by geographic lines. The English language reaches its maximum potency perhaps beyond English boundaries and the German language laughs at Kaiser limitations. There is nothing geographic about the Germany of culture.

When Henri Barbusse's "Under Fire" was published, it seemed as though the final word had been spoken on the subject of the Great War. To move through the chapters of this book to the last terrible picture of the soldier-squad marooned in the sea of Flanders mud, was like moving through the cantos of Dante's "Inferno" to the last circle of the pit. Now comes another book, however, Latzko's "Men in War," very different in style and structure, but no less overwhelming in its portrayal of the truth about war. The personal confession of an Austrian army officer, this volume burns itself into the mind like red-hot iron into the flesh, and leaves scars never to be effaced. It is not pleasant reading, but no person can avoid it and still be faithful to himself and to the times.

J. H. H.

The failure of Louisiana, through a tie vote in the Senate, to ratify the prohibition amendment to the United States Constitution, is an indication that the liquor forces are active and must be fought hard in every field. It would seem as though nothing but a diabolical miracle could prevent the adoption of the amendment during the period of seven years allotted to its consideration. Eleven states are already in line; and among those are Maryland and Massachusetts, which had hardly been counted favorable even by the most sanguine temperance advocates. But not for a moment must the friends of the amendment relax their vigilance. Let us aim for ratification in two years instead of seven, and thus get the job done without delay or hazard of failure. J. H. H.

A Tale of Two Cities

The annual meetings of the American Unitarian Association in Boston during Anniversary Week presented a single highly diverting illustration of the war temper of the times.

One poor pacifist had the temerity to raise his voice and speak a word on behalf of the religion of compassion and good-will. The "come-back" was not altogether unlike the uprising in another city, Jerusalem, centuries ago, when one Stephen spoke of Jesus Christ. There was one difference, however. In that earlier time, and in that other city, there was among those who "were cut to the heart, and were minded to slay" Stephen, "a Pharisee, named Gamaliel . . . had in honor of all the people." When the riot of denunciation and contumely broke loose against the lone heretic in the Jerusalem assembly, this doctor, Gamaliel, is reported to have said, "Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves as touching (this man), what ye are about to do. . . . I say unto you, Refrain from (this man), and leave (him) alone. For if this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow (him), lest happily ye be found even to be fighting against God."

In the Boston assembly no Gamaliel appeared. There was not even a moment's suspension of judgment before condemnation was passed. "Take a dose of carbolic acid and disinfect your soul," was the word spoken to this heretic of modern times; and a vote to expunge from the records his name, his resolution and his speech, the action taken against him.

To one like myself who abhors the German governments, prays day and night that the Great War may bring in the new world which knows not Wilhelm or any of his kin, but still finds it inconceivable that the rule of love is suspended or the religion of the Nazarene become "a vain thing," it is a source of ever mounting wonder to see the feverish intolerance of the times. Is it possible that we are again come to a time when it is a crime to think, to stand by one's own convictions, to work out one's own salvation? I cannot believe any such preposterous idea. Rather do I hold with President Wilson, in his exalted interpretation of this conflict, "just because we fight without rancor and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for."

J. H. H.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

Things of Beauty and Sources of Joy

James Terry White is a venerable publisher. For fifty years or more he has been a maker of books, cyclopedias, histories, biographies, etc. A printer's life is one of many details and a publisher's career is fraught with anxieties and strenuous episodes. Now in the autumnal serenities he seems to come to a time when he can do the things he likes and for the joy of doing them. He has come to the felicity of art and to the joys of the poet he is.

The series of little books entitled "Modern American Poets," bearing the imprint of the James T. White & Company, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, of which the first six are before us, first enlists our affection because the books are things of beauty, dainty, refined, unique, exquisite things in red silk cloth with delicate decoration in gold, suggestive of Oriental elaboration. The semi-flexible covers with admirable paper and clear type stop short of the sumptuous and the expensive but come quite within the range of a book lover's desire. The volumes will average perhaps 125 pages each and sell for $1.25.

The inside matter, while unpretentious, far removed from the "grand old masters," is well within the range of the minor poets who soothe, rest and edify. These authors have a place in the second file and were the front rank not so crowded some of them would be candidates for promotion.

The first of the series, "Poems and Lyrics," by Alfred Abernethy Cowles, has already been noted in these columns and some of the delightful lyrics have been reprinted here. Mr. Cowles is one more American business man in whom business suppressed, confined but could not wholly extinguish the poet. While he had the divine gift it was known to but few, for the organizer of the Ansonia Clock Company was too busy to attend to poetry. But poetry would not let him go and at the end of a busy, successful life his friends were able to gather this delightful collection of "Poems and Lyrics" which, as the Editor well says, "Have the lightness of Aldrich, the temperament of Heine, and the grace of Shelley."

"Reed Voices," by James B. Kenyon, contains a hundred and five titles gleaned from many magazines. The first poems are haunted with memories, they are back-looking, nature is interspersed with gentle ghosts. The subtle mysticism here found bespeaks a soul in tune with the realities as suggested by the very titles, The Immortal, The Side Unseen, The Veery, The Coming Bard, Where Dreams Come True, Beyond the Meridian, all indicating the haunting invitations of the poet. We will let Mr. Kenyon speak for himself in these lines, entitled "The Universal Prayer:"

More life, more love! O buds that swell in spring,
And riotous birds that through the orchard wing,
And sweet small violets in the hollows lone,

And vernal breaths o'er crinkling waters blown,
And federate trees with mounting sap tides rife,
Ye plead one wild desire: "More life, more life!"

More life, more love! Ah, little lyric throats,
And sun-bright leaves, deep grass, and glancing motes,
And pastoral bees at day-long sylvan tasks,
And pungent herb that in the midnoon basks,
And household vines that screen the nesting dove,
Ye lift one poignant cry: "More love, more love!"

In "A Garden of Remembrance" the publisher, Mr. White, becomes an author. A hundred and thirty or more different poems are here gathered under the section heads of A Garden of Remembrance, In Sa'di's Rose Garden, In Arcady and Afterglow. A dozen of these poems were starred by the writer on his first reading as material for Unity, so clearly do they sing our message. William Dean Howells speaks of the "charm and beauty of these poems." Richard Watson Gilder found him "full of quotable lines which linger in the memory." Robert Collyer found that, "Few touch the chords of tenderness as you have done with so fine a grace in these poems." S. Weir Mitchell found these poems "charming" and Charles Eliot Norton recognized "the delicacy of sentiment." Here is one of the poems predestined for the columns of Unity by the fate indicated above:

THE BLUE BIRD'S RETURN

O Blue Bird, O wild bird,
Where is thy place of nesting?
I hear thy song,
The way along—
But vain has been my questing.

O Blue Bird, O blithe bird,
I've found thy place of nesting;
For when I sing
Thy song I bring
An end to heart's unresting.

O Blue Bird, O dream bird,
My heart's thy place of nesting;
For in heart's rest
Is found thy nest,
However vain life's questing.

"A Cycle of Sonnets," by Edith Willis Linn, is a book for the early summer, for it is full of birds. The first twenty-eight sonnets are all about Seneca Lake, in which the poet has caught ten different birds without the shedding of blood and has embowered the same mid sixteen botanical charms ranging from the delicate trillium to the stately pine. These are followed with forty-six love sonnets and twenty-five miscellaneous sonnets. The sonnet is very bad if it is not very good and this book stands the test. At least they quieted the restlessness of this reviewer and shortened a long day's journey for him. There is a theosophical tone in the love sonnets. Transmigration of love and metempsychosis of the heart, evolution from the past into a progressive endless future runs through these lines.

"Narcissus and Other Poems," by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, yielded at first reading five poems starred for Unity, but the Unity poetry drawer is always full. There is much of love lore in this book. The author is enamored of the night. She loves the dark not because her thoughts are evil but because in the month of May at least the night was

. . . Radiant with many stars,
Sky, mother of pearl and azure,
Let your silence descend on my lover and me,
That we may dwell in sylvan quiet.

Night, fragrant with new grass and lilac,
Pool of endless shadows,
Bathe with joy my lover and me,
Till we swoon in the wreathéd wavelets!

* * *

"I Build My House," by Jane Burr, is the title of the last volume in this pretty series. There is much pepper, considerable vinegar and sometimes a touch of gall in this book. If we ventured on the rash and unphilosophic attempt of describing the author from these lines we would be tempted to characterize her as rather a sour maiden, as having reached that age, to quote Bronson Alcott, "beyond which unmarried ladies never go." We might think she was cross and saucy, but such people are not the ones who write sarcastic verse. It takes a sweet disposition to write venomous poetry and a good temper to display a bad temper in verse. So we conclude that because there are gloomy, sarcastic lines here, man-hating stanzas, the author is young and beautiful, a charming maid and gracious as the morning, if indeed she might not be a little mischievous.

Jane can be sarcastic, as the following shows:

THE OLD BELLE'S DRINKING SONG

To what shall I drink with this mild cup of tea?
To the nights and the days that were jolly?
To the men that have broken their hearts over me?
To the mistletoe sprays and the holly?
To the mild summer nights that were moonlit and breezy?
Ah, no—for who values the things that come easy?

I'll drink to the dresses I couldn't afford;
To the women I've envied and hated.
I'll drink to the times when my brain-cells were bored;
To the loves that were sweet and ill-fated;
To the snubs and the flicks and the fears and the aching;
To the times when my iron-clad heart was near breaking!

I'll drink to the bitter campaign for a man—
Most any old man that had money;
To the shrewd reconnoitre, the miscarried plan;
To the years with no milk and no money.
A toast! To the married life I might have led!
Just another last cup, then away to my bed
Where my very last chance lies so comfortably curled—
The soothingest husband in all this nice world.

But we must forgive all this when we realize that Jane was a good housekeeper and doubtless a skillful home-maker, either in possibility or in reality, as we must infer from a Ballade of Good Literature and

THE STOREROOM

Wild berries from the mountain side,
And all the orchard's luscious pride,
In bottled hoard;
The summer sun and summer rain
And winds that will not blow again—
All safely stored.

But unseen ghosts are guarding there—
The blistered hand, the stifling air,
The labored breath.
The aching limbs, the scalding sweat,
The family's uncancelled debt—
And Summer's death.

Here our study of these six books must come to a close. We began by praising the form, the appeal of the book to the hand and the eye; we end by making a plea for the contents from almost "obscure singers" of the common life. They are the interpreters of everyday life and of everyday people.

A publisher of long experience ventures to promulgate the wicked heresy that "books sell more from their attractiveness of cover than from the quality of their contents." Let us hope that this is not true. We urge our readers to try these books one at a time. Do not read them for the purpose of writing a review or for club conversation but for companionship and rest and obscure appreciation.

The Consciousness of God

Our most imperative need today is the consciousness of God. Everywhere there is the yearning for the Assurance of His Presence. Our chaotic world with its immeasurable agony is urging man to find in God an answer to life's enigma, and comfort for his heart. What more can be said of Wells' God, The Invisible King, but that it is representative of the earnest hungering of man's soul for a God-answer to the world problem? Troubled hearts are quieted in the face of mighty sacrifices, and sorrows only as they are persuaded that God is working by the Via Doloroso, His mighty purposes. This alone keeps man believing that God is never indifferent to his labor.

Strife of the body, spirit and the mind
But represent our Mother Nature's way
Of teaching wisdom to our fleeting day
Thru effort toward an ever higher good;
And 'neath the surface we must surely find
That righteous war should ne'er be glanced askance
For but through strife we prosper and advance
To higher standards of the mind and soul.

So sings William Pegram, and in some way we are compelled to join him in reuttering that God is willing that we emerge through yet another limitation in our onward striving to realize the consummation of purposes. Sadly do we apprehend that much of our suffering is the visitation of chastisement for national sins. The law of moral empire cannot be broken by nation or individual without exacting just penalty for the infringement of such law. God in law is never capricious. It will ever remain hard for us, however, to understand why happy innocence should so cruelly suffer with the guilty. In the faith, then, that ultimate goal justify the process, lies our only comfort. The imperishable trust of man in God thus prevails and we become more and more under the persuasive influence of those who in the quaint language of Brother Lawrence are given to the Practice of His Presence and are conscious of Him despite all that tries the spirit of man.

II.

During these days of great moment and sore trial it is natural that some should inquire in deepest pain. Does God know and care? We read articles that endeavor to tell why God does not stop the war and we pause with mingled feelings. These are the moments when we are persuaded that God does care, and then again these are the moments when the heart is inconsolably sad. But man is too persistent a seeker after an answer to remain passive. There must be for him an answer to the problem of life, for he lives only as he is inspired to live, and sacrifice is furthermore an imperative demand upon him and to give him comfort is vital. "O that I might find Him." Such is the epitome of the yearning of sincere souls these awful days.

With some degree of hope then we turn to those who tell in a sweet confidence that they know of a verity that God is, and that He cares, and that we, too, might find Him to our souls' comfort, if we would but practice His Presence.

III.

Man's sixth sense, so potent in the religious life in times of peace, does not seem to readily apprehend the Eternal during the crucial times of temporal disorder. The din of war in which we hear mingling the curses of men of strong nations, as they struggle on shell torn fields, shuts out the light. And in the ear we hear the whispering of the cynic of old, "Where is now thy God?"

But above the din there is a reassuring voice. It is a Student in Arms triumphantly proclaiming in tones that compels man to wonder what God is. From the heart of the Inferno, too, where death and hell are found on every hand this clear-headed scholar soldier, as he steps from life to life, shouts to the host behind that he is conscious of God's Presence.

Again we hear the note of joyous possession. Not from war torn fields now, but from the stately cathedral where three thousand souls have gathered in the communion of prayer. There the Fruits of Silence are realized. Joy and Peace in the consciousness of the presence of God. Wondrous strange must these things be to many in a world that seems so frequently one that God has forgotten. But dare we question the reality of the experience of Donald Hankey or repudiate the fact of comfort that Cyril Hepher of the Fellowship of Silence speaks of.

IV.

The associate pastor of the City Temple, London, in a recent sermon tells with wonderful lucidity that bespeaks prophetic insight of the all encompassing love of Christ. Naught can separate us from that love is her paean reëchoing the words of Paul. At the time she was speaking to a congregation in which there was hardly a soul that had not known the visitation of sorrow. Following these seers of our day we are persuaded that it is possible even now with death and hell and unutterable woe about us to see and know Him who is invisible.

V.

Vast is the difference between these modern Seers in their holy purpose to inspire and comfort and those of like aspiration in the world of science who derive their conception of the reality of the spiritual from sources (despite the authentic basis for investigation) that sound pertinently speculative or strangely fanciful. The sincerity of purpose or veracity of Sir Oliver Lodge's Raymond, few question, but

as a source of comfort to the heartbroken, Raymond and such works are not comparable with the messages of those whose experiences are derived from where life's dark maze is trodden. There is always something chimerical about a seance with mediums who communicate things unaccountably marvelous. A transcendant conviction seems to prevail on the other hand in the account of those who tell of one like unto the Son of God walking by their side and in their midst as the great companion.

VI.

Taking the quaint saying of Brother Lawrence our modern prophets urge us to the Practice of the Presence of God. To live we are told as in His Presence will ultimately bring us to the consciousness of Him. This offers to one exercise in the way of the mystic. They plead for a quiet devotion in the deep silences. They call for quiet trust and humble submission of soul. Our much speaking we are quietly told is our reason for not hearing an answer to the eternal, Why, in our hearts? Hence let us ascend to the Holy Hill to the House of the Lord and learn again to our soul's comfort. What meaneth the Scripture when it urgeth us to be still. Be still and know that I am God. Speak not of your difference of faith or creed but pray with open face and heart. It matters not whether one be Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, the Fellowship of Silence can embrace all. The two or three together in His Name can still find Him in the midst of them.

VII.

But here enters probably for many the fears that mass themselves under the terms of self delusion. The psychologist is invoked to explain it as hypnosis. Then our pragmatic and utilitarian habit gains entry and threatens to sweep away the confidence of faith and trust that are imperative essentials to a realization of God. Thus is indicated to us, too, our slavery to a materialistic realism that causes us to doubt the worth of the noblest instincts of our being. But man needs the assurance of the Presence of God, and it is not in the analysis of every instinct and emotion that he will be afforded inspiration and comfort. Notwithstanding, then, the criticism of skeptic and cynic—criticism that is often well grounded—these latter day prophets of the vision through their testimonies give a new hope.

In the Practice of the Presence man lives the intensive life. The life of prayer, piety, labor and sacrifice. The places of tragedy to him are thus transformed to be meeting places with the Eternal. Death's grimness is softened. The heroic witnesses forth the divinity of the human, and thus a new faith emerges amid conditions and circumstances the like of which is not known to the memory of man.

ROBERT TIPTON.

The Psychology of Blame*

Translated from an Essay by Dr. Alfred H. Fried, a German Journalist in Switzerland.

Those who proclaim the innocence of Germany in the world war seek to avert the crushing judgment as to Germany's guilt and to throw it on other nations, by showing that war makers were present in these also. Were there, it is urged, in Germany chauvinistic war-making parties, organizations, politicians? So there were in England, France, Russia. Were there fire-eaters among us, men and newspapers? So were there elsewhere. The book of Bernhardi? "Just such books, many, many of them were printed and read in the Entente countries."

Of this there is no doubt. War-makers drove their trade in every country. The cult of Anarchy into which Europe had fallen had in every land its priests and its profiters. Among these in all lands was a solidarity of common interest. *But the power of the war-maker was by no means the same in all nations.* The fire-eaters, war-makers, chauvinists, politicians belonged everywhere to a common system of war-preparedness and war-readiness. They gave movement, energy, glamour to the ever-ready war machine. A democracy can afford the luxury of war-makers. Their campaigns are a natural outgrowth of democracy which limits no form of expression. Freedom of speech gives these people the guarantee that however war-makers may push their play, they can never make their plans reality.

But in a country like Germany, where military tradition has strong roots, where the efforts of war-makers work in the sphere of power, the condition is very different. It is a very different thing to kindle a fire in a well ordered cook-stove in a fire-proof house, and to set fire to straw on an open hearth in a wooden house.

There is moreover a difference between the power of the war-makers with us as compared with those of other lands. Pacific ideas show a very different degree of development in Western Europe, in America and in the small states as compared with Germany. Other countries do not as with us despise and misinterpret the meaning of Pacifism. The enemy of peace for us lay in the ideas of Treitschke and Bernhardi, in the great national daily journals, in the Pangermanist program and in the propaganda everywhere pushed by the army and navy leagues. An organized army of thousands of writers and speakers was turned loose among us. These were accredited, morally and materially by the government, which supplied them with money, insignia and credentials to secure the confidence of the people. On the other hand, the pacifists not only failed to receive for our noble program the slightest moral support from the government, to say nothing of material aid, but it is clear that it had deliberately planned to bring our efforts into contempt.

It is claimed that the freedom given to the efforts of war-makers in other countries has produced the same result. This comparison will not stand. *Nothing is more unlikely.* Every nation has its advocates of imperialism, chauvinism, nationalism, militarism, but in Germany alone have we seen these doctrines unfolded without limit, developed without check, and separated by no bar from the power of the state. *Only in Germany has this happened.*

This result is all the more tragic as before the beginning of the war a change for the better was felt in Germany. In certain circles the people began to grasp the meaning and the moral power of Pacifism. Only another decade—perhaps half a decade—and the catastrophe would be averted.

*Dr. Alfred H. Fried Zur Psychologie der Schuldbegrundung in Wissen und Leben, No. 23, 1917.

D. S. J.

THE PULPIT

The Heroism of Everyday

A Sermon Preached at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, June 23, 1918, by Rev. Arthur T. Brown.

July, 1914, marked the end of "tango-time," that period of effete and sophisticated searching for something different in art, in literature, in amusement, which preceded the Great War. Today we live in a new and terrible age, an heroic age, compared with which the time of Homer was child's play. Yet it is from that early and simple era that we get our word "hero" and its derivatives wherewith we describe the present.

What is a hero? According to Homer, a hero is a warrior, more particularly one of the Greek warriors who participated in the siege of Troy. The meaning of the word has been enlarged since. Four years ago and more, indeed, we were content to give it to a fireman who had rescued some fair maiden from a burning house; we were not shocked when the term was applied to some well known base ball player such as Connie Mack, or even to a pugilist such as John L. Sullivan. Nay, more, we commonly talked of the "hero" of a novel or of a play, meaning by that word of great associations merely the principal character of the book or of the drama. It mattered not that that person was buffeted solely by the storms of romantic love: he was still called a "hero." Today, however, we have returned to the older and more concise meaning of the word. Today our soldiers and sailors are heroes, and they are heroes because they fight the nation's battles with a relentless foe.

What is, then, the essence possessing which one may be called a hero? What is that quality which we have called in the past "heroism," and which we call today by that name? Is it not the ability—demonstrated ability—to do a difficult and a dangerous feat? He who is willing to give his life, if need be, that a great and glorious end may be attained, is a hero. He who is willing to spend, after the end has been attained, long years of blindness, of shattered health, of maimed helplessness: he is a hero. Such a one is worthy of high honor indeed. Let us not forget that. And let us give him that honor gladly, and in unstinted measure. Let us give him, too, the practical proof of our high regard, that practical proof which consists in proper care for those dependent on him, in adequate support at home, the support which entails sacrifice of our comfort, even of our necessities.

But not all of us can go to the front. Not all of us can show in that way that we have in us the stuff of which heroes are made, even when we happen to have it. Some of us are too old. Let us not lament that fact. Let us not complain, as I am told a prominent preacher in this city has, that we were born too late for the Civil War and too soon for the World War. Again, some of us cannot pass the tests of body and of nerves prerequisite to service in the army or navy. But let us not lament that fact, either. And let not the courageous woman regret that she cannot give the life of her body for her country. Regret not these disabilities, I say, because there is another kind of heroism quite as necessary as that which makes a soldier "go over the top." It is a heroism which, in some ways, makes greater demands on one than does the heroism of soldier or of sailor.

It is the heroism of which Pascal was thinking when he said: "The strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his extraordinary efforts, but by his ordinary life." It is the heroism of "keeping the home fires burning"; the heroism of persistent adherence to the ideal even in the midst of the relaxation of times of peace at home and abroad.

This heroism of persistence, of endurance, of fortitude, I said, in some ways is more difficult than that of the warrior. To do, day after day, year after year, the humdrum daily task requires a kind of courage worthy of high regard. To be true to the daily trust and the daily duty, to sacrifice oneself ingloriously for a high cause requires a steadfastness worthy not only of respect, but of admiration. Such heroism, for it is no less, is more difficult than the heroism of a charge in the face of the enemy. To perform the latter requires great courage indeed, but not for a long period. To perform the daily, often it must be the hourly sacrifice, however, though it may require less power of will each time, yet requires some of it every time. Soon the glamor, if there ever were any, wears off, and there is left only the sheer conviction of duty to keep one to his task. Most of us can forget self for a little while in the face of a great need, but the real test of our virtue is the demonstrated ability to forget ourselves again and again throughout long stretches of time. This very thing manifests itself in the preparation of our soldiers and sailors, in truth. Irksome, yes, very irksome, is the long process of training. It is a commonplace that a fighting army is a happy army. But a real test of the courage of the men comes sooner: comes in the lesser—apparently lesser—task of drilling day after day for months. Within my short experience at the Naval Training Station thirty miles north of this city, I have found the discontent which is bound to come to many in the course of training, the same discontent which comes to us as we make our daily sacrifice of convenience or of necessity that the cause may win. There are men on that Station who enlisted in the bright glow of patriotic fervor. Weeks and months have passed in doing commonplace things. They are hungry, these men, for the fierce activity of service on the high seas. They have the heroic quality of the warrior, but they have less of the heroic quality of the mother who watches over her little ones through the days and nights and years. Yet it is that fortitude of the mother which is the true test, according to Pascal, of one's virtue; it is that quiet heroism which I would call to your attention this morning.

It lacks the dash, the subtle and powerful intoxication of massed action, which soldiers feel in "going over the top." Neither of those powerful aids comes to the assistance of those who fight the good fight in our factories, in our kitchens, in our fields. There is left only the conviction of a need, the conviction that each seemingly trivial effort counts toward the final result. To act every day on that conviction, to hold oneself true to it every hour is heroic!

We are, however, constantly reminded during the War of this need of our persistence. We are able, therefore, to continue the more easily. But there is a time when even this help is lacking. It is the time

of peace. There is need of this heroism, none the less, in peace-time. And there is a kind of circumstance which may come to us at any time, a kind in which this quiet heroism must appear if we are to prove our worth as men and women. It is the sort of circumstance which existed in the life of Charles Lamb, the sort which demands the giving of one's life or happiness for another.

Charles Lamb was only a few months over twenty-one years of age when his sister, Mary, in a fit of violent mania brought on by worry and overwork, stabbed their mother to the heart. Can you fancy the meaning of that tragedy to the sensitive soul of Charles Lamb? Two years before, he himself had been confined in an asylum for a few months because of mental derangement. And now his own sister had killed his mother because of madness! Many a stronger man has lost his reason through a thing like that! But Charles did not. He had the stuff of heroes in him.

Now, according to the laws of the land, Mary should have gone to prison for life. But Charles promised to take strict charge of her, and obtained the privilege—doubtful privilege indeed in so illy balanced a family—of keeping her with him, of caring for her, caring as brother has seldom cared for sister in this wide world. He sacrificed all his prospects of personal happiness that she might have a little happiness, the happiness of some freedom, the happiness, and it was that in truth, of being with him. Together they made their little home. Together they made the best they could out of their little store of strength. But from time to time her mania returned, and then Charles had to take his sister, now his only beloved, to the asylum to remain there until she should be better. Fancy the desolateness of their little home while she was thus away! And remember the very slender means they had. He was only a humble clerk in the East India House. And under such a load he had the courage to go on with his writing, had the courage to compose those "Essays of Elia," wherein we find the most delicate humor in all English literature! Charles Lamb, my friends, embodied perfectly the heroism of everyday.

Though his case is, perhaps, the most perfect in the history of literature, yet, to the attentive observer, cases essentially similar appear all about him. A certain motherly, yes more, womanly woman whom I know has sacrificed her life to her mother. She knows precisely what she is doing, but she sees that to be her duty, and she has made it her happiness. With the mute heroism of everyday, the heroism of Charles Lamb without even his tragic sanction, she goes day by day to her humble task of supporting the one who is most in the world to her. And despite the sense of unfulfillment, which has come even into her eyes, she is sweetly cheerful, a blessing to all who know her.

Let me cite another case from among those I have known. This case is of a man, a born musician. His father, of sternest Puritan stock, feared that if his son should take up a musical career he would become a prey to the temptations, to the vices and sins, as he thought them, of the artistic world. So he insisted that his son enter business, and, obedient to his wish, the son complied. And then the son married, and a change became impossible, though now the father was gone. This man, too, able to make of his music only a slight avocation, has shown the heroism of everyday life, the heroism of fortitude. He, too, suffers from a spiritual need unfulfilled. His eyes, too, have about them the patiently sad look which betrays the hungry soul. But he, too, is sweet of temper; he, too, performs his sacrifice without complaint. He, too, helps the discerning observer to live more true to his hard ideals.

Then we must not forget the countless numbers of mothers who give their lives gladly that their children may attain success in their chosen fields. The mother of a former governor of Minnesota spent her days at the wash-tub that her son might be able to obtain a college training. And she was rewarded, too, in a filial love of surpassing beauty, and in a success which made her son one of the best beloved of the State's public men. Here was the heroism of everyday, the heroism which helps the rest of us to go on with our tasks.

Then again, neither history nor biography has done justice to the faithful wives who have made their husbands the worthy men they have become. One such comes to mind, a woman who has transformed her diffident, socially inept husband into a leader of real power in his chosen field, a leader of considerable note. She, too, has been sweetened by her long years of persistent sacrifice until she is a source of spiritual encouragement to every weary soul.

The sort of heroism these men and women have manifested, dear friends, is of the kind which costs most. It is the heroism of daily and hourly sacrifice, the heroism performed all alone, with no companionship of thousands, no spurt of effort with the reward of rest afterward. It is the hard, soul-trying heroism which tells of virtue deep as the life.

But to manifest this heroism of everyday is the opportunity which comes to every one of us, my friends. Nor does it come once or twice in a lifetime, as does the other, more spectacular opportunity. This kind comes every day, in some small degree, every hour. And it is easy to grasp the chance once or twice. But we manifest this heroism of everyday only if we keep hold of the task—keep hold with a death-grip! Ah, there is the real test. There is where we all fail sometimes, and many of us most of the time! But let us look about us, let us spy out the many examples of this hidden heroism, let us pluck up courage by their aid, keep everlastingly constant, succeed at length in being ourselves heroes!

Nor are the rewards of our fortitude unequal to the demands of the task. Surely much of the exquisite beauty of Lamb's essays came out of the secret fiery furnace of his hourly sacrifice of self. Surely the beneficent spirit in these other men and women I have mentioned came to them because they gave their lives and their souls to faithfulness. Surely such rewards are worth the cost!

Look about you. In every life shall you find a romance more finely told than ever novelist or even poet has told his tales. Would you but see life aright you should find it full of worthfulness. Look on the most prosaic man or woman. Look attentively, with deep sympathy, trying to read the hidden motions of the heart, trying to feel as your own those motions, and presently shall blossom before your astonished eyes a rose of wondrous beauty—the rose which is a human soul. Ah yes, the outer petals may be faded, may be

torn, may be pierced by the worm of sin and shame. But look more deeply within the bower. Will you but look deeply enough, you shall see the golden center rich with fruitful potency.

And if this human soul has manifested the heroism of everyday, you shall find the rose perfect of form and color within, even though the outer parts be faded and torn. And then seek you the golden pollen of that heroic life. Seek to make your own soul fertile therewith. And if your own rose of the spirit be fit, it shall become fertile. And you shall grow new blooms, blooms perfect because in them is the wealth of this heroism which none heralds, but which enriches immeasurably the life of our world.

Nor need we stop with these beauteous benefits of the life of faithful, constant giving. Each one of us is of moment in the sum total of the universe. Each of us in very truth a soldier of the Lord. Each of us may fight the time-long battles of the spirit against the flesh, the battles of the right against the wrong, the battles of the greater good against the lesser. It is true that some of the picturesqueness of this eternal contest has gone with the passing of the personal Devil into the limbo of lifeless myth. But the contest is none the less real, only now it takes on a new form. We are no longer knights errant seeking to rescue the helpless soul from her diabolic despoilers. We are now brethren of mercy, good Samaritans seeking to help the fallen ones of our race. The picture is gentler; blood and armor no longer fill the foreground. But in their places are spiritual bandages and healing draughts. The fallen ones are victims now not of a cruel onslaught but of their own weakness and ignorance. But to us is given, then, the sweeter task of helping them to help themselves.

And if we would turn from pictures to sober reality, we realize that out of this heroism of everyday is builded the structure of our human culture of the soul and of the heart. Never shall we rise to the immeasurable and glorious heights of God's kingdom merely by the catastrophic heroism of the warrior. No single spiritual ecstasy shall suffice, even though every life should experience it. No single heroic act, no matter how great, shall alone make the hero fit to live in God's family of the blessèd. Too, too often such an act has been followed by a lifetime of resting, of looking backward upon that act. Yet we would have everyone perform such a deed, for it is at least a start toward that heroic living which God demands of all his children.

Nay, we must do more than this. We must arouse within our souls ever and anon that temper which makes the soldier-hero possible, that temper which consecrates the life to a cause. Presently it shall become constant, that consecration, and then shall we find ourselves living the heroic life, even though those about us know it not.

And when every man and every woman shall have a spirit resilient as steel, responding ever the same to the buffets of life, then shall our spiritual culture be transformed into a thing of beauty and of surety. But only then shall we be certain of constant advance. For, so long as even half of our fellows are weak at heart, we run the risk of decadence, of failure at length, the risk of missing the blessings of the Kingdom of God on earth.

With so great a cause at stake we will surely go on. Surely we will fortify our souls with the ramparts of daily, hourly heroism, of the heroism which recks not of applause and comradeship, but which goes quietly about its life-long task and keeps at it so long as life shall last. Surely we will do this thing now when we see the world's need. And we will prepare to keep up this strenuous spiritual striving when the relaxation of world-peace comes, as come it must at last. Then shall come the danger. Then let us remember Pascal's words: "The strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his extraordinary efforts, but by his ordinary life."

A Great Sociologist on Religion

Emile Durkheim, perhaps the greatest of all sociologists, died in Paris during the early part of this year. He may be regarded as the most original, the most truly constructive, the broadest-minded and the most scientific of all the interpreters of human society. He was at the head of a French group of sociologists, whose work is too little known in this country, and who have given us a very important conception of the nature of individuality and personality, and of the relations of the individual to society. At the same time they have newly, and more scientifically than by any other writers, brought religion within the compass of sociological interpretation.

Durkheim was born April 15, 1858, was for some time professor in the University of Bordeaux, and from 1902 was connected with the University of Paris, during his later years as professor of Sociology and the science of Education. His books were devoted to the social division of labor, the laws of sociological method, suicide in its relations to sociological conditions, and the elementary forms of religion. For ten or twelve years he was the editor of an annual volume devoted to the most important of sociological problems. In its pages he published extended articles on the origin and nature of incest, the definition of religious phenomena, the evolution of penal laws, totemism, and marriage in Australia. Among his collaborators in this work were Simmel, Hubert and Mauss, Ratzel, Steinmetz, Levy-Bruhl, and Bougle, all of them well known to the students of sociology.

Only one of Durkheim's works has been translated into English, the most important of his books, that on The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life (Les formes elementaires de la vie religieuse). Since this work expounds Durkheim's religious and sociological theories in a very complete manner, it is less important that his other books have not been made accessible to English readers. A quite complete exposition of his sociology has been given by Prof. Charles Elmer Gehlke, of the Western Reserve University, in his book on Emile Durkheim's Contributions to Sociological Theory, which is published as number one of volume 63 of the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. This volume develops all phases of Durkheim's philosophy, religion, ethics, and sociology. It is marred somewhat by its academic attempts at the criticism of Durkheim, a futile effort for any one capable of understanding the work of the great sociologist.

A brief attempt only can be made here to explain

Durkheim's sociology, since his work on the religious life can be procured from Macmillan in New York. The fundamental idea in Durkheim's sociology is that of the collective consciousness, which he regards as the highest form of the psychic life, since it is a consciousness of consciousnesses. The individual is such by virtue of his congenital heredity, but this reaches only to his physical organism, and to a limited range of mental inheritances. Essentially the whole of the psychic activity, as well as the contents of the individual mind, are determined by society. Far above the mental and moral life of the individual is that of society, which is the real creator of individual capacity and genius. The mind is the collective consciousness incarnated in the individual, according to Durkheim. The body being the basis of individuality, personality is society as it creates a reflection of itself in the individual.

One of the most striking of Durkheim's theories is that the categories of the mind, such as time, space, etc., which are regarded by the metaphysician as primitive, and given in the very nature of the mind itself, are the products of man's social relations. They grow out of the early forms of social organization, and reflect man's relations to his social environment. The ideas of time, space, class, number, cause, substance and personality are born of religion and are products of religious thought. At the same time they are products of the social life and of collective thought. They not only come from society, but the things which they express are of a social nature. "It is not surprising, therefore, that social time, social space, social classes and causality should be the basis of the corresponding categories, since it is under their social forms that these different relations were first grasped with a certain clarity by the human intellect."

The social or collective mind is greatly emphasized by Durkheim. One of the chief criticisms made against him is, that he regards the social mind as the only mind which has a real existence. This objection is valid only to those whose psychology is of the most individualistic type. However, Durkheim does regard the collective mind as the shaper or creator of the individual mind, since he regards society as existing before the individual is born, and as giving through education and culture the contents of the mind of the individual. From the very first moment of the child's existence human society begins to influence its development, and creates for it the whole of the contents of its mind as it advances to manhood.

This conception of the relations of the individual to society finds expression in Durkheim's interpretation of religion. He regards religion as being universal, that it is the first manifestation of the activities of the collective mind, and that all other phases of human evolution of the ethical and mental order grow out of it, and especially is this true of philosophy and science. Fundamentally, religion is of social origin, and reflects the stage of development reached by any tribe or nation. Religion has given birth to all that is essential to society, and for the reason that the idea of society is the soul of religion.

Durkheim conceives of God as a reflection and expression of the social consciousness, and as having no existence except in this phase of human evolution. God is humanity in the essential nature of humanity, and in its total existence through all ages and all phases of evolution. The totality of man's being as gathered slowly into the inner content of socialized human experience through the ages is what we mean when we name God. God is not a reflection of individual genius, nor is he the embodiment of the hero spirit; but the life of the race typified in a great personality, taking a concrete form. The reality of God, however, is collective human experience expressed in an ideal or in a supreme form of being.

In his volume on the religious life Durkheim deals chiefly with the natives of Australia as the most primitive people known to us, and he assumes that totemism is the earliest manifestation of the truly religious life. We may rightly doubt the correctness of both of these statements, since there are much more primitive races than those of Australia, and since totemism marks a rather advanced type of social organization and is by no means universal. It remains true, however, that Durkheim has correctly emphasized the collective nature of religion, and that he rightly stresses the social origin of all that is best and noblest in human life. It is for this reason that his works are of a most suggestive and stimulating nature, and that his conceptions of religion are of the greatest importance.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

THE WILD ROSE.

Five petals of a pale pink tint
  Are round its heart of gold,
And hither, thither, without stint,
  It scatters o'er the world;
The hazel thickets have their store;
  The fields are fringed round;
It straggles to the cottage door,
  And strews the ragged ground.

I see it all along my way,
  A delicate, sweet bloom;
The Artist in His work; a spray
  That bears no tint of gloom:
A touch of color, faint and fine;
  The artist at his best,
Beneath a careless, swift design,
  Supreme and self-confessed.

This flower that runs across the hill
  With such unconscious grace,
That seeks some wilderness to fill,
  And make a heavenly place;
This masterpiece for common folk,
  Lit with the Artist's joy,
Let no unthinking, wanton stroke,
  No ruthless hand, destroy.

—*Mary Stebbins Savage.*

For my own part I approve of garden flowers because they are so orderly and so certain; but wild flowers I love, just because there is so much chance about them. Nature is all in favor of certainty in great laws and of uncertainty in small events. You cannot appoint the day and the place for her flower shows. If you happen to drop in at the right moment she will give you a free admission. But even then it seems as if the table of beauty had been spread for the joy of a higher visitor, and in obedience to secret orders which you have not heard.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

From "A Wild Strawberry."

Is Rabindranath Tagore Pro-German?

Several months ago there was a report in some of the papers that Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the distinguished poet of India, was in sympathy with Germany, and had been intriguing with the German government to stir up a revolt in India in the interest of German domination there. Since this report was put into circulation many inquiries have come to me from different parts of the country, as to the truth of the report. As the matter is one of general public interest, I think I may fittingly make a brief reply through the columns of UNITY.

My answer is: I do not think there is any evidence whatever that Mr. Tagore is or ever has been in sympathy with Germany's military or political aims, or that he has ever had anything to do with German military or political activities, during this war or at any other time. The story seems to be one of the many fakes that our sensational papers so eagerly take up and circulate. I know Mr. Tagore well, my acquaintance with him having begun in India twenty-three years ago. I saw much of him during his recent visit to America. He took dinner with me on Thanksgiving day, when we had a very long talk. I take regularly two periodicals published in India (one weekly and one monthly) which print practically everything that he writes. And I have never heard or seen a single word from his lips or his pen that had the slightest tinge of pro-Germanism or pro-militarism. He is earnestly desirous that England should give India Home Rule like that of Canada, Australia, and South Africa,—that is to say, Home Rule within the British Empire. He believes that such an act on England's part would not only be of great benefit to India, but also would strengthen the British Empire. But as between British dominance of India and German dominance, he unequivocally and strongly prefers British.

Of course it is possible that the report of his pro-German activities may have arisen from the honest ignorance of some person who having learned of his desire for a free India, may have jumped to the conclusion that that meant sympathy with Germany, when it meant nothing of the kind.

Let me add, that there are more than a hundred members of the British House of Commons who are in sympathy with Mr. Tagore's desire (which is practically the desire of all India) for Indian Home Rule; who feel that nothing short of home rule is India's right; who feel that when England is fighting for the freedom of subject nations, it is inconsistent for her to continue to hold in subjection by the power of the sword and against their will, a great civilized people like the people of India, with a history and a civilization older than those of England. All this Mr. Tagore feels deeply, and for this he labors. But this has no connection whatever with pro-Germanism. On the contrary, with his desire for greater freedom for his country, as has already been said, large numbers of liberty-loving Englishmen sympathize. And of course here, in freedom-loving America, sympathy with him and with his countrymen in their aspiration for liberty ought to be particularly warm and earnest.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

New York, May 29, 1918.

What Is a Good Book?

What is a good book?

That is an old question. Men have asked and sought to answer it for hundreds of years. It is like the question: what is a good man?

Some good books are not well written. Many an author has failed to understand the writers' art and still produced a good book. That a book is badly written, then, does not necessarily mean that it is not good. I know a young woman who has no technical skill at all; nevertheless she has written a fine book, a really noble book.

It is also true that a book may be both good and unpopular. A certain printer in New York has in his shop a great pile of heavy volumes for which there is almost no sale. The author was a Russian immigrant, and the story he wrote was a story of his own life. He was a good man, a man of fine vision, but his friends were not numerous and so there have been few purchasers for his work. But his book is a good book; not faultless by any means, but still good. So a book may be worth wide attention and not receive it.

A book may be part good. No book was ever written completely void of good qualities. But, just as a single spot may spoil an otherwise excellent peach, a book may fail because of a single fault. There are many such.

Books are like men. They are expressions and have character just as their authors have. Men are rarely perfect, and books follow a similar rule. Good men are more numerous than men who are not good. Therefore there are more good books—books in which a good spirit dwells—than there are books which are not good. But, just as every man is certain to have some goodness about him, so are most books likely to be at least partially good.

Goodness is a relative term. It may not be used except in a comparative sense. One may not say a life or deed is perfect, for this is not a perfect universe,—as yet. But no one may say that anyone or any action is bad. For badness, too, is relative.

I should say a good life is a humane life,—a life in which goodness predominates. I should say a good action is one in which a good quality appears.

A good book, then, should be a book in which life is faithfully represented, in which a sincere effort toward truth is to be found. No good book can be anti-social, for no truly good life can be lived apart from, or in opposition to, humanity.

These are the criterions by which a book may be judged. If it answers the question: Is this a humane work and is it faithful to life? affirmatively it is a good book no matter how well or poorly it may be written or how popular or unpopular it may be.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
  A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining violets.

—*Robert Loveman.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXII

The Fifth and Seventh Commandments

HOME RELATIONS—FILIAL DUTIES AND DOMESTIC PURITY. LEADER: MRS. M. L. PURVIN.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee.
Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"He who honors his parents honors God."

Whether a Jew still subscribes to the old orthodox belief that the Messiah is still to come in the flesh and lead all the people of Yahweh back to Jerusalem, there to rebuild the temple and reinstitute the ritual of the olden days, or, whether he believes that Israel's mission is to be a light unto all the nations of the world, wherever the Jew may dwell, both sets are agreed that the Decalogue constitutes expressions of morality as high as any which have as yet been uttered, and for this reason it has been recognized as the Covenant of God the Father with his children Israel which to break is the greatest sin.

In making a covenant, primitive men would drink from one another's open veins in token of eternal fidelity. At a later time eating and drinking together took the place of blood letting, salt and bread being used to finish the meal. "Ye are the salt of the earth," said Jesus, referring to the fact that salt was an important part of the sacrifice offered to Yahweh at Jerusalem. The Old Testament gives account of several covenants: God's promise to Noah, sealed with the rainbow that no flood should ever again destroy mankind, the rite of circumcision and the commandment to keep the Sabbath for "a perpetual covenant." And finally, the commandments relating to the sanctity of the family, which we are to consider in this lesson.

The original tablets, according to the Biblical version, were given in the presence of all the people and through the commands enjoined upon them became terribly binding. The use of stone tablets was not confined to the Jew. In early times laws and documents were always recorded on stone such as the Rosetta and similar historical slabs. It is supposed the original commandments were not in their present elaborate form, but simply "ten words," for in Hebrew a word can say a great deal.

The Rabbis say the fifth commandment is found in the first tablet, which is concerned with God's relations to man because parents are Jehovah's representatives on earth. This is another way of saying that the sacred relationship of life is the married state and that no marriage is complete without its complement of children. Today the orthodox Jew who has broken away from all the tenets of his religion will still go to the synagogue on the Sabbath nearest the date of the sad departure and recite the Kaddish or prayer for the dead. Even the reformed Jew will light a candle in the home on such an anniversary, its warmth being an assurance that death does not end all. So felt the Jew from time immemorial and therefore he coveted children; sons to carry on the work of God on earth, daughters to be carefully guarded because of the sacred gift of motherhood. At first the daughter was the possession, the chattel of her father, but from as early as the formation of the Mosaic code her status improved. In Rabbinical times she was declared of age at twelve and a half years and as are all eastern women, was married early To this custom, still adhered to by Jews in Russia and the orient, can be traced much of the misery of poverty.

Many are the precepts placed upon children for honor, loyalty, devotion, respect and love for their parents in both the Talmud and Old Testament. How precious was the family relationship is best exemplified in the statement that in their tenderest moods the writers of the Bible likened Yahweh to the father or husband and Israel to the daughter or wife.

Ezra's rigor in commanding all his people to put aside the wives they had taken during their stay in Babylon was prompted by the desire to preserve not only the purity of the Hebrew blood but the purity of the religion which was vital to a man's civic, legal and domestic life. At the time of the giving of the law on Sinai, family life was the standard recognized by religion. All life was lived in family groups and the tribe regulated laws, maintained worship, determined rights and administered justice. Remembering those days we get a picture of the Jewish home life which never changed through storm or stress until the Jews capitulated to nineteenth century civilization. Even today in Jewish households there is found a devotion to the old ideals and ideas which may preserve us to be the light unto the nations it has pleased some commentators to call us.

Among the beautiful pictures of patriarchal life are those of Isaac obeying his father's call, Jacob's beautiful service for Rachel, Naomi's care for Ruth, David's lament for Absalom. The historical accuracy of these stories matters little, since we value them chiefly as tribal tales, bearing characteristics of all the people in their respective groups.

Nor did the home of the Jew weaken in influence as it traveled down through the ages. In no other religion perhaps did so much worship enter into households. Religious ceremonies were built with the idea of strengthening the home. When the priesthood became lax during the time of the Maccabees and thereafter, the misjudged Pharisees abandoned the priestly worship and made of each home a sanctuary. The Feast of Esther, or Purim, the Passover, the Jewish New Year, the fall festival, the feast of booths or Sukkoth, are all observed by the reformed Jew as reminders of his rich historical inheritance. While modern civilization renders the observance of the ancient Sabbath almost prohibitive, the Jew is reminded by the Sabbath lights and the benediction of the

mother, of the great joy which the coming of the Sabbath once brought into the lives of our ancestors in the days when to be a Jew was to incur the hatred of the whole Christian world.

Generations have drawn strength and courage from the bulwark of the Jewish home. The stories of Jewish life in the middle ages, the tales of persecution under the Inquisition, the driving from one country to another at the whim of merciless rulers, arouses wonder that there persisted any desire to cling to the religion, the temporary abandonment of which would bring bodily relief. In it we see the literal fulfilment of the words, "that thy days may be long." That land has been wherever the Jew has been. He is the most easily assimilated of any immigrant, the most eager to grasp all good in the land of his adoption and the most insatiable of all races in making the most of educational advantages.

The study of the seventh commandment will turn us back into the years preceding its actual writing. The heinousness of adultery was not always what we recognize it to be. In the free natural state of early man standards of conduct were of necessity remote from what are now ours. Professor Foster has said, "The fear of things invisible was the beginning of religion." Primitive man without understanding nature, feared every manifestation. A sigh in the trees signified a spirit seeking vengeance. Death's mystery was abroad. They only knew that the breath went and that, as they thought, it returned to claim for its previous body the good things of life. That is why the ancients offered the best part of each meal to the unseen spirits. That is the origin of human and later animal sacrifice with the idea of appeasing the envious spirits with the first fruits of the womb, the harvest, the vine, whatever it might be.

Herein we find the beginning of the ancient belief in taboo, or holy, as in the Hebrew "Kodesh"—set apart for the gods. Our present idea of the word holy as meaning Sanctified, was Isaiah's contribution to ethical religion.

The ancient was also puzzled over the origin of life. Nature was his only interpreter. Every spring the earth turned to life and strength again, the grass and flowers and grain came forth. Hence he worshiped life in nature and his religion became one of innocent sensuousness. The earth became mother, the produce of the soil the fruit of her womb. The male principle was supplied in their thoughts by the nature gods.

The gods of the Canaanites, an agricultural people, were called Baal, one to a city, and represented the male principle in procreation; the soil was the mother principle. As the cities grew and religion became more abstract, one great Baal became the god of the region. Shrines were installed in high places, in groves, on mountain tops. Gradually the most lascivious customs of worship were introduced. Following out the idea of taboo there were set aside for the service of the gods a group of maidens, in whom we recognize the origin of the vestal virgins of Rome.

We remember that the prophets of the Old Testament were constantly warning their people to abstain from the folly of the Canaanites, but the Israelites, though a shepherd people in Canaan, came under this corrupt influence. Here we have the background for the seventh commandment. The Hebrew language, though extremely rich in expression, has no words severe enough to adequately condemn adultery. The three cardinal sins were idolatry, adultery and the shedding of blood. Many are the condemnations of adultery in the pages of the Bible, and as time went on many things were read into the law to protect the purity of the Hebrews, and later, the Jewish home. To this we perhaps owe the high ethical monotheism and we can easily see why the law of the Israelites hemmed in the ceremony of marriage with so many conventionalities.

We must remember that the concern of the prophets and leaders in Israel was not for the individual. The individual was a part of the community, only free to move in that community to the point where he trespassed upon the rights of others.

The act of betrothal was quite as formal as that of marriage and almost as sacred. Ketubah, the marriage contract, guaranteed to every wife material care according to the station of her husband. Divorce was severely frowned upon. Adultery, however, was always a sufficient reason, but the law guarded the woman against hasty complaint.

Let us be fair to the men who have made the heroic struggle to maintain what was best in the monotheistic religion of Israel, who protected it from the inroads of heathenism, of polytheism, of pantheism, of sensualism. In our eyes some of their rulings may seem severe; in their days they were absolutely necessary to preserve the purity of the people. In the Mosaic code, law and morality went hand in hand to strengthen the purity of the home and the bonds of marriage.

The early nations, Babylon, Syria, Assyria, Egypt, Phœnicia, Rome, Greece, passed into decay. The Jew alone has survived. One can almost forgive the personal vanity of the wandering Jew if he still regards himself as the "chosen people" of God. The great thing for him to remember today, as formerly, is the thing for which he was chosen. Might it not have been to promulgate the doctrines of the ten commandments? Else had Yahweh left him to perish under the lash of the Egyptian kings before his people started into the wilderness toward Mount Sinai.

QUESTIONS

(1) Name some of the Biblical characters standing to the world as examples of filial obedience—and chastity.

(2) How has the Jewish home fostered these ideals?

(3) What were the peculiar temptations of the Jew in early Israel?

THISTLES.

I often used to wonder
  What happened to the pins;
Till oh! I met a pin-plant
  That pricked me on the shins.

'Twas full of pins and needles,
  As thick as it could bristle,
A purple cushion on the top;
  My Mama called it "Thistle."

Oh, folks should be more careful!
  They scatter pins about,
And never think how quickly
  These may begin to sprout.

The ground will be all pin plants
  The first thing that we know,
And so I pick up all the pins
  Wherever I may go!

—*Abby Farwell Brown.*

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The Institute

Through the courtesy of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago, the Institute will be held in their buildings, corner of 57th Street and Woodlawn Avenue. The beautiful Hull Memorial Chapel will be used for the daily devotional services, and the Sunday-school rooms for the lectures. Some of the lectures may be given in lecture rooms of the University.

There will be no tuition or other fees charged by the Institute. Rooms and board will cost from one dollar a day upward. It will greatly help Mr. Brown if applicants will state the price within which they wish to limit living expenses. While it will not be possible for all to be located very near the church, effort will be made to secure accommodations as near as can be found.

The Institute begins on the morning of Monday, July 8, and closes at noon on Saturday, July 20. For this course there are no requirements for admission save a sincere desire to become better equipped for religious work. The courses of lectures offered are planned to help students to understand the principles involved and the materials used in the Sunday school and in other religious activities. Association with specialists in the various lines of such work, and with the teachers, ministers, and others assembled in the Institute, as well as conferences over actual problems, tend to clarify ideas, stimulate interest and quicken zeal in religious service.

Special examinations will be given to those students of the Religious Education Institute who may desire to receive a certificate for the two weeks' work. Dates for these will be assigned while the Institute is in session.

The Institute Lectures

Professor Soares will give eleven lectures on Principles of Religious Education.

Professor Spencer will give a course of twelve lectures. Nine of these will be part of a longer course given to University students. A summary of the earlier lectures in the course will be given on July 8, in a two-hour period, and a closing lecture, for our Institute students only, will be given on July 20. The subject of the course in Moral Education and Social Discipline in Weekday and Sunday School.

Professor Christie will give eight lectures on the Evolution of the Church.

President Southworth will give two lectures on Newer Ideals in Religious Organization.

Dr. Lawrance will hold an opening conference on July 8, on the actual problems in the schools represented, and will give six lectures on the Text-Book and the Developing Character.

Miss Buck will conduct a mid-session conference on Monday, July 15, and give six lectures on Religious Education in the Adolescent Period.

July 19.—Graduation, and the Graduate Department of the Church School.

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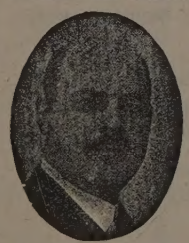

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